Thy waſt bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my bloſſomes rownd.
The mouldie moſſe, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon ſmell too much annoieth.
Wherefore ſoone I rede thee, hence remoue,
Leaſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure proue.
So ſpake this bold brere with great diſdaine:
Little him anſwered the Dake againe,
But yielded, with ſhame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.
Yt chaunced after vpon a day,
The Huſ-bandman ſelfe to come that way,
Of cuſtome for to ſeruewe his grownd,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſſe rownd.
Him when the ſpitefull brere had eſpyed,
Taul leſſe complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his Lord, ſtirring vp ſterne ſtrife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Cauſed of wrong, and cruell conſtraint,
Which I your poore Vaſſall dayly endure:
And but your goodnes the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly aghaſt with this piteous plea,
Him reſted the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As moſt vſen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my ſoueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primroſe of all thy land,
With flowring bloſſomes, to furniſh the prime,
And ſcarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Dake,

Whoſe



Whoſe bodie is ſere, whoſe b
Whoſe naked Armes ſtretch
Unto ſuch tyrannie doth aſpir
Hindering with his ſhade my
And robbing me of the ſwete
So beate his old boughes my
That oft the bloud ſpringeth
Untimely my flowres forced
That bene the honor of your
And oft he lets his cancker w
Upon my braunches, to worke
And oft his hoarie locks down
Where with my freſh flowre
For this, and many more ſuch
Crauing your goodlihead to
The ranckrous rigour of his
Nought aſke I, but onely to h
Submitting me to your good
And praying to be garded fro
To this the Dake caſt him
Well as he couth: but his en
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſ
That the good man noulde ſta
But home him haſted with fu
Encreaſing his wrath with m
His harmefull Hatchet he hen
(Alas, that it ſo ready ſhould
And to the field alone he ſpeed
(Ay little helpe to harme ther
Anger nould let him ſpeake to
Enaunter his rage mought co
But to the roote bent his ſtur
And made many wounds in th
The Apes edge did oft turne a
As halfe vnwilling to cutte th
Semed, the ſenceleſſe tree dy
Or to wrong holy eld did forb